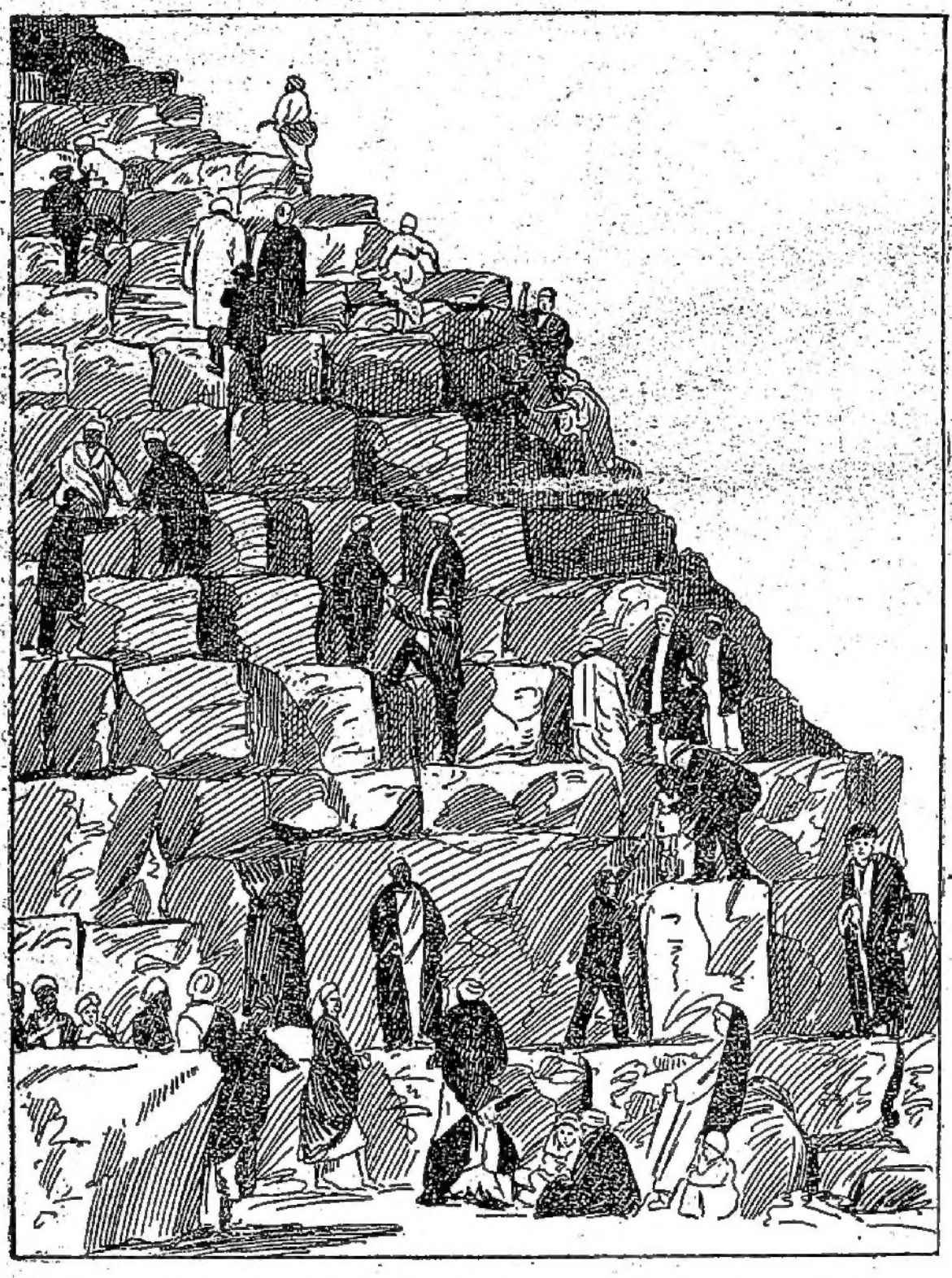
Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIV., No. 19. MONTREAL, MAY 12, 1899. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Sights in Egypt.

('Children's World.')

It was early one morning that I got my first sight of Egypt—a strip of yellow coast and a few palm trees. Before long we had passed through the narrow passage between the sand-banks, and found ourselves in the great harbor of Alexandria. But we must not stop long there; so make another jump, if you please, with me—just a little jump of one hundred miles!—to Cairo. There lies the city, spread out in the bright sunshine, right away to the yellow desert, and on the cliff above it stands the great citadel which was built by Saladin, the Saracen who fought against Richard Coeur-de-Lion in the Crusades. When we visited this very Eastern-looking building, it seemed strange to see the red coats of English soldiers in the sentry-boxes. That sight set some of us thinking. Here was this great city occupied by English soldiers, and full of English people; and here, too, were thousands of men and women still in the darkness of heathenism and Mohammedanism. How much is being done by those who have the light to pass it on to those who have it not? Very, very little.



CLIMBING THE PYRAMIDS.

As we rode out beyond the city, and through villages on the banks of the Nile, we got some idea of how much these poor people need the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. We passed several villages on our way to the pyramids. You have all heard, I expect, of the pyramids, those gigantic monuments built by kings of Egypt thousands of years ago. Every visitor is invited to go to the top of the Great Pyramid, and two dirty-looking Arabs are ready to help him up. Of course you have to give them baksheesh, and they make a tremendous fuss if they think it is not enough. Human nature is the same, all the world over!

Let me tell about an expedition which we made up the river to Sakkara, where are to be seen the remains of a great, ancient city which is mentioned in the bible. If you look in Jeremiah, xlvi., 19, you shall see a prophecy that 'Noph shall be waste and desolate, without an inhabitant.' Now, 'Noph' is another name for 'Memphis,' the city whose remains, 'waste and desolate,' may be seen at Sakkara. After a three hours' trip up the river we landed and rode for two hours through palm groves and across hot, sandy desert, to what is called the Step Pyramid, which is perhaps the oldest building in the world. All round it are the remains of very ancient tombs, and into some of these we went, and saw some wonderful pictures and writings on the walls. One great under-ground vault was the burial-place of the sacred bulls, which the ancient Egyptians worshipped. Is it not sad to think that though thousands of years have passed since those bulls were worshipped, yet the people of all that land are still in darkness, and do not know Jesus Christ, 'whom to know is life eternal'? What have you done—what have I done—to help in the spread of the gospel of our Saviour.—H. E. Whately.

Postage Stamps For Missions.

[Mrs. Duquette asks, how may country people prepare cancelled stamps for sale? We think the following circular, lately received by us, will exactly answer the question.]

The idea was suggested to me in answer to the oft-repeated question:—'Can you tell us something to do for missions, in which all our members may take part?' This plan is practicable anywhere. It began in my own family, and has grown until there are scores of Leagues, Auxiliaries, Mission Circles, Bands, Sunday-school classes, etc., at work in it. Cancelled stamps have a commercial value, and the Canadian issues have changed so often of recent years that there is a ready sale for them. Good stamps only are desirable. By 'good,' I mean only those that are neither clipped, torn or heavily cancelled. A stamp damaged from any cause is worthless. Proceed as follows:—

Gather all the stamps you can. Throw out the bad ones at once. Soak the others in water till the gum is all dissolved. Water will not injure the stamps. Dry the washed stamps in the most convenient way. If the gum has been all dissolved the stamps may be dried by heat in bunches without sticking together. Enclose the stamps when ready to mail in a strong wrapper, and mark the packet 'printed matter,' write your name and address on the outside, do not seal the packet, prepay it with half-cent stamps if possible, and address it as below. If stamps are washed before being mailed, I can keep an individual account and when $5 worth have been received, I will remit the money direct, that it may appear in the Annual Report to the credit of the senders. Prompt acknowledgment will be made on receipt of the stamps. Unwashed stamps are taken in charge by the parsonage children and the proceeds of sales in that case go into one common missionary contribution, which is sent in a lump to the general secretary. Prices of stamps vary. Variety, condition, etc., determine this point. Stamps used prior to 1870 are comparatively rare, and should be kept by themselves. From 1870 to the Jubilees, the one issue was in use, and became very common. Dealers were well

stocked with them. Hence, 1,000 1, 2, 3, cent mixed of these, are worth only 25 cents at most. Jubilees are better value, 1 cent brings 50 cents per 100, 2 cents are worth $1 per 100, and 3 cents 25 cents per 100. The maple leaf issue, (four leaves) are worth about $1.50 per 1,000 for a well mixed packet of 1, 2, 3, cents. The present numeral issue (two leaves and figure) are worth about $1 per 1,000, for 1, 2, 3 cents, mixed. Higher values are worth more. The Imperial 2 cent stamp averages 25 cents per 100. An average packet of 1,000 (all kinds mixed) such as I have been receiving for months past, is worth about $1. None of these prices are final; but will give a general idea of the worth of the stamps. The business end of this plan is conducted by me with due regard to economy, and the largest possible returns made in every case. Any questions not anticipated above will be cheerfully answered on receipt of postage stamp for reply.

N.B.—On no account will I undertake the sale of stamps for any other object than that herein set forth. I am not a stamp dealer; but merely the selling-agent of all who commit their stamps to me for missions.

Address all communications, packets, etc., to my address as given below. If you receive more than one copy of this little circular, kindly send it to some friend who may be interested, and oblige,

REV. S. T. BARTLETT.
Pres. Bay of Quinte Conf. Epworth League,
Madoc, Ont.

They Count Up.

A pastor one day visited one of his parishioners, a poor woman who lived in one small room and made her living by her needle. He says:

'She put three dollars into my hand and said: "There is my contribution to the church fund."

'"Put you are not able to give so much."

'"Oh yes," she replied, "I have learned how to give now."

'"How is that?" I asked.

'"Do you remember," she answered, "that sermon three months ago, when you told us that you did not believe one of your people was so poor that if he loved Christ, he could find some way of showing that love by his gifts? Well, I went home and had a good cry over that sermon. I said to myself, 'My minister don't know how poor I am, or he never could have said that;' but from crying I at last got to praying, and when I told Jesus all about it I seemed to get an answer in my heart that dried up all my tears."

'"What was the answer?" I asked, deeply moved by her recital.

'Only this: "If you cannot give as other people do, give like a little child," and I have been doing it ever since. When I have a penny over from my sugar or loaf of bread, I lay it aside for Jesus, and so I have gathered it all in pennies. Since I began to give to the Lord I have always had more money in the house for myself, and it is wonderful how the work comes pouring in; so many are coming to see me that I never knew before. It used to be I could not pay my rent without borrowing something, but it is so no more. The dear Lord is so kind."'

He concluded by saying that this poor woman in five months brought fifteen dollars, all saved in a nice little box he had given her, and in twelve months twenty-one dollars. He says: 'I need hardly add that she aparently grew more in Christian character in that one year than in all the previous years of her connection with the church.'—'Pacific Methodist.'

A Cornish Miner.

The uses which even past crimes may fulfil in God's world are shown in an anecdote told of the work of John Wesley among the Cornish miners. One of his converts, an old man whose life had been exceptionally base and vicious, after a year of sober, honest effort, came to Wesley, and said in the broad dialect of the coast:

'I'd like to help my neighbors as I've been helped; but I can't do it.'

'Why not?'

'I can't read or write.'

'You know the story of Christ; you can tell it to them.'

'I don't speak English, only Cornish.'

'So do they.'

The miner hesitated, then took a step nearer.

'Sir, I've been a drunkard and a thief in my time.'

Wesley was silent.

The old man's voice failed for a moment. Then he said hoarsely, 'There's blood on my hands. I killed a man once.'

'Why, you are just the man I want!' exclaimed the preacher, 'you know better than any of us how great is God's forbearance and mercy. You have been deeper in the pit than your comrades, and you can show them how to escape from it. Go and do it.'

The miner worked humbly and faithfully among his fellows, and became an earnest helper of the Methodist gospellers on the coast.

Among the heathen superstitions which yet linger in Cornwall, is the belief that if a man once perjures himself, God's sun refuses ever to shine upon him again. The summer day may be warm and bright, but he does not see the light nor feel the heat. He walks in the cold and twilight for the rest of his life.

But the Christian faith teaches us that even the man who has blackened his soul in gross sin, may by repentance and an upright life find hope in God's love and mercy.—'Youth's Companion.'

What a Tract Did.

A lady who was a Sunday-school teacher was engaged in filling up a box of things to be sent to a missionary in the interior of India. One Sunday morning, she mentioned it to her class, and told them, if they had anything they would like to put in the box, they might bring it to her house during the week, and she would put it in. One little girl in her class wanted very much to send something in the box, but all she had to give was a single penny. She knew that this would be of no use in India, as our money is not used there. She was at a loss for a while to know what to buy with her penny.

At last she made up her mind to buy a tract. She did so, and prayed over it before it was sent. Then she took it to her teacher. It was put in the box, and the box was carried across the great ocean. It reached the missionary to whom it was sent. The wife of that missionary had a young chief from the mountains of Burma attending at her school. She taught him to read, and when the time came for him to leave and go to his distant home, she gave him some books and tracts to take with him. Among these was the very tract which that little girl had bought with her penny and put in her teacher's box. The young chief read that tract. It caused him to see the folly and the wickedness of his heathenism, and led him to Jesus. He went back to his mountain home a changed man—a Christian. That little girl's tract had saved his soul. But that was not all. When he reached home, he told the story of Jesus, which he had learned from that tract, to his friends. They listened to what he said. God blessed his words. More came and heard him speak. They gave up worshipping idols. A missionary was sent there. A church was built, a congregation was gathered into it, and fifteen hundred persons became Christians in that neighborhood.—'Free Church Monthly.'

The Franklin Buttonholes.

Whatever you do, do it with all your might; that is the secret of success.

Benjamin Franklin, in the midst of his labors to establish the Republic on a safe and solid basis, came into his house one day and found his little daughter sewing.

'Those buttonholes, Sally,' he said, 'are good for nothing. They will not wear. If you make a buttonhole, child, make the best buttonhole possible.'

Not content with rebuking the child, he went down the street and sent up a tailor, who had orders to instruct Miss Sarah in the art of making a buttonhole properly.

A great-granddaughter of the American philosopher, a woman who had a national reputation for her inherited talents and executive ability, told this anecdote lately, adding with pride, 'Since then the Franklin family make buttonholes that will last.'

What great statesman now, employed in the formation of a nation, would observe such a seeming trifle? How many young girls of Sarah Franklin's age think it worth while, if they make a buttonhole, to make the 'best possible'—'Wellspring.'

Juvenile Street Cleaning Brigades.

In some of the large cities like New York, Boston and Philadelphia, the school children have been formed into companies for the purpose of helping to keep the streets of the city clean. They are pledged to pick up stray bits of paper, fruit skins, etc., and throw them into receptacles provided by the city for the purpose. They also promise not to injure, mark or deface in any way buildings, fences or any other property.

Some people are so careless as to throw banana or orange skins where they will make the place around very untidy. The juvenile street cleaners, with their eyes wide open, see and remove the unsightly skins and perhaps teach a little lesson in neatness at the same time. Would it not be well to have a little brigade of this kind around the post-office in every town and city? Some people thoughtlessly tear off the wrappers of papers or letters and scatter the bits of paper around, making the place untidy for many days. If there is no brigade formed, each one must make himself one of the company, which is every day growing larger, and take pride in making the place where he lives as neat and orderly as it is possible to make it.—'Union Signal.'

'God be with thee, my beloved—God be with thee!
Else alone thou goest forth,
With thy face unto the north,
Moor and pleasance all around thee and beneath thee,
Looking equal in one snow!
While I, who try to reach thee,
Vainly follow, vainly follow,
With the farewell and the hallo,
And cannot reach thee so.
Alas! I can but teach thee—
God be with thee, my beloved—God be with thee!'
—'Waif.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Ruth Peyton's Lesson.

(By Emma Churchman Hewitt, in 'Forward')

Ruth Peyton stood in the middle of the room, her bright eyes taking in every detail, and trying to discover if anything were lacking.

'If Cousin Felicia doesn't like it I can't help it,' she said, at last. 'It's a pretty room, anyway!'

It was, indeed, a pretty room, this simple apartment with its pretty chintz hangings. Thin curtains at the windows and pretty checked matting upon the floor made it look invitingly cool on this warm June day. Ruth turned away, and closing the door behind her, went downstairs and out of doors humming a gay little tune. But when she had reached her favorite haunt, a low branch in the old apple-tree back of the house, her tune changed to a sharp, impatient sigh,

'I can't imagine what Cousin Felicia can possibly want to come here for and shut herself up in the country — a girl with money and everything else at her command. If I had it—' She left her sentence unfinished as she looked down the road.

'There she comes now!' she exclaimed, jumping down from her perch. And in the excitement of welcome, her discontent was forgotten for the moment.

The 'Cousin Felicia' for whom Ruth Peyton had been so eagerly preparing was in reality no relation whatever to the young girl, but was the daughter of an old school friend of her mother's. Though Mrs. Peyton had never seen Felicia's mother since they were at school together (and had never seen the girl herself at all), the two had corresponded regularly until Mrs. Rayburn's death, five years ago.

Felicia had since lost her father also, and had come East this year, for the first time in her life, to spend some months with her father's sister, and she had proposed coming to pass her summer with 'Auntie Peyton,' a request which you may be sure was not denied.

'How lovely, how restful!' murmured the guest as she entered the pretty little room of which Ruth threw open the door, her heart filled with a mixture of pride and misgiving. She need have felt no misgiving. The expression of Felicia's face was enough even had she said no appreciative word.

'You are very tired, Cousin Felicia, aren't you?'

'Indeed I am. I have been on the railway trains so much lately. It seems so good to be at home,' and her eyes filled with tears for a moment.

'I'm glad you feel at home, Cousin Felicia. You couldn't have said anything more beautiful than that,' replied Ruth, softly. 'We always want everyone who comes to feel at home.'

Though there was a difference of five years in the ages of Felicia and Ruth, Felicia being the elder, they soon became fast friends, Ruth was very busy in helping her mother with the endless routine of work always to be found in a farm household (for the Peytons were in exceedingly straitened circumstances), so she had not much time for entertaining her visitor, but Felicia did not seem to mind being left alone.

She seemed quite content to sit out under the trees with her hands folded in her lap, apparently looking at nothing. Her whole attitude was that of extreme idleness, and after a few days Ruth began to feel a vague disappointment about her. This was perhaps accentuated by the fact that she herself was obliged to be so busy when she was longing to read, and there was Felicia, with nothing under the sun to do, taking no advantage of her opportunities. How could she be so idle!'

But Felicia was not so idle as Ruth imagined. She was thinking of a great deal in those days, and was studying Ruth's character in a way which would have astonished that young woman could she have known it. One of the results of all this thought came to light soon.

'Auntie Peyton,' said Felicia, one day when Ruth was out of the room, 'I want a companion. I've been alone so much, I'm tired of it. Now may I not have Ruth this summer, if I hire a maid to take her place with you?'

She made her proposition as easily and naturally as if she had not known what a boon it would be to both mother and daughter to have someone to take the heavier work off their shoulders.

'You see,' she went on rapidly, so as to prevent Mrs. Peyton from making any demur, 'I do not care for a salaried companion, and yet I must have someone. There is some writing I must do before long and I feel sure that Ruth could help me better than a stranger.' I want to take long rambles, too, over these beautiful old woods and around the meadows, and I don't want to go alone. And there are some books I want to read, and I shall not enjoy them at all if I must read them alone. Do say 'yes,' Auntie Peyton!'

Mrs. Peyton was tempted to demur because she knew that the offer was made more perhaps for Ruth's sake than for Felicia's own. But she was overruled, and when Ruth came back into the room she found that a long, beautiful summer, a summer never to be forgotten, had begun for her in the most unexpected way.

Day by day the programme was carried out. The girls wandered over the fields and through the woods, or sat under the trees and read. It was noticeable, however, that Ruth always did the reading, Felicia gently correcting or explaining as they went along, and sitting meanwhile with her hands idly folded in her lap. Mrs. Peyton, too, (a luxury she had not permitted herself for years), sat listening while she did the family mending.

Ruth was studying Felicia all these days; but Felicia was studying Ruth far more deeply. One day, as they sat beneath a tree, resting from their walk, a silence fell between them. Felicia sat looking away toward the hills, and Ruth sat looking at Felicia.

'And what is it, little Ruth?' said the latter, turning quickly toward the young girl. Ruth blushed at having been caught in her scrutiny, but Felicia went on kindly—

'You are puzzled about me. I think I know why. You do not altogether approve of me—do you, Ruth?'

Ruth hesitated a moment, and then flung reticence to the winds.

'Oh, Cousin Felicia! I want to do so many things and I cannot! I have longed so to prepare myself for missionary work! I know it is in me. I want to make a name in the world.'

'A name in the world, little Ruth?' questioned Cousin Felicia. 'Is that the true missionary spirit? Those who do missionary work far oftener die in unknown graves than live to see their names inscribed on the roll of fame. Did you only want to do the Master's work that the world might point its finger at you and say, "There is Ruth Peyton, noted for her work in the missionary field?" Ah, my dear! you must start again, with a different motive.'

The girl crimsoned.

'I have expressed myself badly, Cousin Felicia. I meant I wanted to do brave and noble things, I wanted to make sacrifices and do something really worth while—to go to foreign lands and do real work—to spend myself and to be spent in the cause. But I

'WHAT IS IT, LITTLE RUTH,' ASKED FELECIA."

can't!. Nothing but the same old thing day after day—washing—ironing—baking—sweeping—week after week, till sometimes I feel as if I should cry out against it all!'

'And do you?' smiled Cousin Felicia.

'Do I what?'

'Do you cry out?'

'No, of course I don't.'

'Well, that's one point gained,' replied Cousin Felicia, cheerfully.

'I don't know what you mean.'

'Well, I'll tell you. Did it ever occur to you that wherever the Lord placed you you are doing the work he selected for you? And if he selected it, is it not his work? People make a great mistake when they speak of church work and missionary work as the only "Lord's work." All honest work that comes to your hand is his. Now, then, for the sacrifice. You find your life here very easy, do you not—too easy for your own comfort? You like it?'

'Easy, Cousin Felicia? Anything but that! I hate it—sometimes!'

'Then I cannot see but that you have the hard work and the sacrifice right here.'

A light dawned upon Ruth's face.

'I never thought of that,' she answered slowly. 'Then you think that if I take up my work cheerfully, because I believe that God meant me to do this particular work, I am doing what is required of me?'

'I do, indeed, dear child. When the Master means you to do something else he will show you the way. Take this line to heart, Ruth: "They also serve who only stand and wait." This one line has been more consolation to me than I can tell you.'

Ruth gazed at Felicia in wonder a moment, and then a swift intuition came to her.

'Are you, too, "waiting," Cousin Felicia?' she asked, in an awe-struck voice.

'Yes,' said Felicia, gravely, with a sigh.

'And I thought you were only — only—' burst out the girl, penitently.

'Only lazy and indifferent. Is not that it, Ruth?'

Ruth nodded, too confused to reply in words.

'Let me tell you about it,' went on Felicia. 'When I was younger I, too, wanted to do missionary work. My mother and father did not oppose me. They were quite willing that I should go out among the Indians for a time, as I desired. Then my mother was taken ill, and I could not leave her. I was all ready to go again after her death, when, three years ago, my father was stricken with blindness. I could not feel that the Lord called me to desert my own helpless father to look after strangers. Then he died, a year ago,' a sob came into her throat, 'and I was free—only too free, to do my chosen work. And then, when I was all ready this spring to go out, I found myself obliged to come East to consult an oculist on my own account. He told me that absolute rest for my eyes was necessary. In fact, that exposure which would produce cold or strain of any kind would precipitate me hopelessly into my father's condition; but that with extreme care for a year or two I might ward off the trouble permanently. What do you think, Ruth? Have I not some "waiting" to do?'

And I thought you had everything—time, leisure, and money!' exclaimed Ruth. 'Well, Cousin Felicia we will "wait" together,' and Ruth softly nestled a loving cheek against her cousin's hand as they rose and turned again toward home.

Poverty is a school of the saints, but luxury trains even the wise to evil.

A Lost Star.

(E. Craft Cobern in 'Union Signal.')

Evangel stood flushed with triumph behind the stage curtains, bending slightly forward, her opera cloak, hastily caught up to protect her throat, forgotten in her hand. Every nerve was an ear, eager to lose no vibration of the applause that thrilled her soul and body sharply, almost like pain.

It had been three years since she had bade farewell to this same audience previous to sailing for a course of study abroad, and this was the tribute to the self-denying effort to perfect her superb voice. It was a delicious moment—a prophecy of the future, when the great of all lands would yield to the magic of her voice, and she might even be the guest of royalty. She remembered the parting words of her Parisian teacher: 'Ah, Mees, zar ees non ambeesion too deesy for you. Make art seestar, lofer, and you sall be eemortal as Jenny Lind.'

It was only a few moments that she stood alone. Friends pressed about to offer proud congratulations, then above the hum of many voices, the slamming of closing opera chairs, the rustle and distraction of preparations for leaving the concert room, she heard from some one on the stage before the curtain a request that the audience be reseated. In surprise Evangel glanced at the friends nearest for explanation, but her silent question met only happy, mysterious looks in reply.

'Come with me,' a girlhood friend said, taking her hand and moving forward toward the curtain. Suddenly the bell rang and the curtain began to rise, while there was an animated movement among the friends behind her to the right and left, leaving the two young women standing alone. Evangel looked upon the crowd of expectant faces before her and then at the half-frightened, smiling face of the girl beside her, and whispered, 'What does this mean, Frances?'

'Wait,' was the only response, as the young woman lifted the cover from a box in her hand, took from it a wreath of roses, and placed it upon Evangel's head, saying clearly at the same time, 'We crown our Queen of Song.'

Then the air was rent with cheers, as Evangel, touched beyond the power of speaking, stood with girlish uncertainty as to what she ought to do written in her very attitude. But she did not need to do anything, for the curtain fell again, to her intense relief. Once more the friends pressed closely about her, joined by others from the audience.

'Our little girl will yet be heard of around the globe,' a white-haired gentleman said, taking her hand.

'Yes, she has entrancing expression and marvellous execution; she can be the lone star in the opera, if she chooses that field,' rejoined her friend, Frances.

I hope Miss Evangel may try that field, for at present our greatest singers are only quasi-great. The arpeggio in your last aria was marvellously done,' the musical critic of the city remarked, heartily.

'May I introduce Signor Palio?'

Evangel turned toward her aunt. The excitable little tenor could not wait for formalities, but bowing profoundly, exclaimed in broken English his rapture at hearing a voice once more that was equal to any score of the greatest oratorio. For an hour, Evangel, excited, estatic, listened to such words of praise, being introduced to friends of her friends, bowing, smiling, chatting until the numbers about her gradually decreased.

The Rev. Mr. Marsdon had been standing aloof from the crowd watching Evangel intently, but now the young assistant pastor of the church to which she belonged came forward to speak with her.

'I am not a lifelong friend like many here—shall I say Evangel as of old?'

'Please do, Mr. Marsdon.'

'But I wish to voice my congratulations also. I know that you can rise to any place in the art of music which you may seek, but do not let fame be the only prize which you follow, lest it come between you and the uplifting of this poor, old world. Is your voice consecrated, Miss Evangel?'

Evangel felt instantly a bit of resentment toward the young minister, who for a year before her departure for Europe had been a valued companion in good works. She felt as if he would chide her in the joy of success, and his words rasped her nervously sensitive mind. She glanced into his face, about to reply lightly, but its earnestness and the remembrance of his own sacrifice of ambition and hope of wealth to become a poor under pastor of a great church made her pause. The hand of renunciation had stroked his brow, sweeping away the lines of self love, leaving only nobility and truest manhood.

'Mr. Marsdon, I have given some of my time and some of my money to humanity and to Christ, but I fear I have never thought of my voice as being of value except in the concert room. However, I am to try singing a solo in church next Sabbath, at the afternoon song service. Can you not come?'

'I thank you, Miss Evangel, but I have a funeral down by the wharf at that time. It is a sad case. The child was the mother's only daughter, and her last living relative. The girl was an invalid for several months, and the poor mother worked early and late to give her what comfort she could, beside being kept awake whole nights to care for the child. Sometimes,'—he hesitated as if considering the sentence, he was about to speak, 'sometimes I think I become hard toward my race, but such heroism as this woman has shown leads me back to faith.'

'The distress of the Old World used to pain me so intensely, but in this country it does not obtrude itself. I nearly forget that there is such a thing as sorrow here.'

After a few more words Mr. Marsdon bade Evangel good-night, and her tired aunt hurried her away to the carriage in waiting, lest some other enthusiastic friend detain them longer.

Triumph and excitement had driven sleep from Evangel's eyes. She tossed wearily, trying to find repose she so much needed. But the throng still swarmed before her. She lived over and over again the excitement of her singing. The words of praise spoken to her repeated themselves like an irrepressible refrain till she became irritated and arose. She threw a steamer rug about her and sat down in a little white and gold rocking chair, breathing with a sense of relief as the cool fingers of the night soothed her throbbing temples.

It was too late for moonlight, but the stars, which always watch, were so serene they subdued and calmed her. She thought of the young minister's question. What would it mean? What would it require? Did it mean to give up her career? Ah, no! the voice was a gift to use—but used unselfishly—that is it.

She slipped from her seat upon her knees to think more earnestly, more devoutly, but suddenly a battle raged fiercely in her soul and she hid her face upon her arms. She saw it all. The world of wealth and luxury as it rode gaily to the opera house to spend a pleasant evening, gratified and enchanted by her voice and marvellous execution. She listened again to the encore calls and thrilled with exultation. She would have money

for the poor, she would do good as Jenny Lind had done. Then her flaming imagination conjured another picture. A weary, bowed, careworn, poverty-stricken throng returning home from the noise and dirt of the shops, to the noise and dirt of the tenement blocks. They ate a scanty supper, then returned to their work yet again, or lounged about the low streets, the men seeking the saloons, the women gossiping or going to the saloons, too.

They loved music, and music is uplifting. Poor hungry and thirsty lives, no wonder their faces harden and age early, the soul-expanding, tender influences are entirely lacking. A sweet ballad with uplifting words might purify a whole city, as the Marseillaise of France could inspire a whole army. Money had no need to influence her life, for she had excess of money.

'A song missionary.' Evangel started as if a voice had spoken to her. She raised her head as if to shut out the vision her soul was seeing, but she could not and she dropped her face upon her arms again. Finally arising she threw herself upon the bed and slept feverishly.

It was late when Evangel breakfasted the following morning, and too exhausted to vocalize or read or embroider, she sat by the fireplace in the music room lounging on a divan, looking very pretty among the red and gold pillows. She was in a most comfortable state of dreamy semi-consciousness, when some one asked admission by a quiet tap on the door. Thinking it to be the maid on her morning rounds about the house, she gave a sleeply affirmative to the question, without unclosing her eyes. The newcomer crossed the room and stood silently before the fire a moment.

'Pardon me, Miss Evangel, I should have known you would be too tired——'

'Oh, Mr. Marsdon, pardon me. I was nearly asleep and thought it was the housemaid,' Evangel exclaimed, rising. 'Oh, I am so glad to see you.' She placed a chair near the divan and resumed her seat.

'I was walking near the house and could not—or at least, did not—resist the temptation to come in, but I fear you are not anxious for visitors this morning.'

'Mr. Marsdon, you know you are always welcome, and this morning is no exception to the always. How have my mission boys done since I left them three years ago?'

'Some of them are doing well. Jim and Curley are clerking in a substantial shoe house, having worked up to good positions. George Curshmire is in the penitentiary and the other boys have become teamsters or day laborers in some manual line of work. They missed you for months and most of them left soon after you did, Miss Evangel.'

'They missed me. I am so glad. Did I really fill a place in the mission? Did you miss me, Mr. Marsdon?'

Evangel was busy wondering if she had ever been of even the most humble consequence to the world and did not notice Mr. Marsdon's silence, until he arose and walked the length of the room and returning stood before her.

'Why did you ask me that question, Evangel? It brings surging to my lips all that I had determined to keep unsaid. Miss you! These three years have taught me something of what loneliness could mean.'

'I—I—I—did not mean—I do not'—Evangel stopped, looking up at him frightened, shrinking, astonished.

Instantly Mr. Marsdon regained his usual poise.

'Pardon me, Miss Evangel, your life is predestined for you. Let me tell you a little fable. Years ago a prince loved a queen. He was good and noble, but she had almost a world in her possession. She was queenly in character as in wealth and honor. There was nothing the world could give but was hers. The prince loved in silence; it would have been too much for him to ask of her to share his comparative poverty, to leave her conquests and her kingdom to become merely his wife.'

Mr. Marsdon held out his hand and took Evangel's cold, quivering hand in his. 'Your path is among the stars. My stars must shine on the other shore—I shall not be apt to find them in the slums,' he said, smiling seriously. 'When do you go back for your season in London, Miss Evangel?' he asked releasing the hand.

'I have not yet signed the contract, but it will be in about two months.'

'I am glad you stay yet a little. You will permit me to call?'

'Oh, yes, as of old.'

'I have a sick family to see this morning——'

'And you never asked me to go with you,' pouted Evangel.

'Oh, would you go?' The young minister's face lighted radiantly.

'I will be ready presently. What shall I take, roses or bread?'

'Plenty of bread,' was the reply.

* * * * * * *

It was Sabbath afternoon, and in a little tenement house on Water street, among the wharves, a little company was gathering. In the centre of the room stood the open coffin, as bleak as the bare walls. A woman with a short, thin crepe veil over her face sat near it—the sole mourner. As the friends came in they shuffled awkwardly toword the box holding the silent sleeper, and after conversing in low tones, if they happened to be in couples or groups, they retired to a seat.

The clatter of heavy boots on the bare floor, and the buzz of half-restrained conversation annoyed Mr. Marsdon, who was finding his text in the Bible, as he stood with his back to the door ready to speak. At the sound of his voice the noise ceased, and the little company composed itself to listen to the man whose very name brought it a feeling of comfort.

But soon there was a movement of surprise among them, their eyes were turned to the door, and their heads met in couples as they whispered and looked. Almost involuntarily Mr. Marsdon glanced over his shoulder to see the cause of the unusual interest. He paused in the midst of a sentence and gazed a moment, forgetful of everything else save the presence of Evangel who hesitated in the door, then without stopping to see the dead face she seated herself, while Mr. Marsdon groped desperately but vainly for the sentence he had begun. It was only an instant before he gained his composure, though his heart behaved cruelly all through the remainder of his sermon.

There was no music, no flowers—nothing to soften the dreariness, the misery of the lonely woman whose sobs were repressed with iron Scotch resolution, although usually the mourners in this grade of civilization scream and cry without restraint.

With the closing sentence of the tender attempt to comfort, the undertaker, with coarse, creaking boots, and coarse, half-muffled voice came brusquely forward to place the coffin lid. With a regal poise of her patrician head Evangel arose, threw back her cape and stepped to the coffin, murmuring, 'Wait,' to the undertaker, who stepper aside. She unfastened from her bosom a cluster of luxurious roses and laid them softly in the rested hands, then looking at Mr. Marsdon her eyes filled with a new light and she began Fances Havergal's noble hymn,

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee,
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

She began bravely, but her lips trembled and the tears were near to falling, for it was the consecration hymn of her voice.

After singing the two verses Evangel turned and taking the suffering mother's hand in hers, began the sweet old Scotch hymn,

I am far fra me hame,
An I'm weary aftenwhiles.

Art, self, were forgotten. This was the beginning of her song mission work. Like the monk Augustine of old, who sang the gospel to the pagans of Great Britain, she would give her life to singing Christ and salvation to this people, that perchance he might be sung into their lives.

When the song was ended, there was utter silence for a few heartbeats, then the Scotch woman lifted Evangel's hand almost reverently to her lips.

The funeral cortege passed from the room and down the dark stairs, the minister leading. It was sweet to breathe the free air again after the confinement in a small room with ill-kept bodies and clothes.

It was just a moment Evangel had to speak to the pastor of this life-beaten flock, but she whispered with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, 'Mr. Marsdon, sometimes a queen is willing to abdicate her throne for love.'

The Day of Satisfaction.

When I shall wake on that fair morn of morns,
After whose dawning never night returns,
And with whose glory day eternal burns,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall see Thy glory face to face,
When in Thine arms thou wilt Thy child embrace,
When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of grace,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall meet with those whom I have loved,
Clasp in my eager arms the long-removed,
And find at last how faithful Thou hast proved,
I shall be satisfied.

When this vile body shall arise again,
Purged by Thy power from every taint and stain,
Delivered from all weakness and all pain,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall gaze upon the face of Him
Who for me died, with eye no longer dim,
And praise Him in the everlasting hymn,
I shall be satisfied.

When I call to mind the long, long past,
With clouds and storms and shadows overcast,
And know that I am saved and blest at last,
I shall be satisfied.

When every enemy shall disappear,
The unbelief, the darkness, and the fear,
When Thou shalt smooth the brow and wipe the tear,
I shall be satisfied.

When every vanity shall pass away,
And all be real, all without decay,
In that sweet dawning of the cloudless day,
I shall be satisfied.

—Horatius Bonar.

John Stanley's Blessing.

('Silver Link.')

John Stanley put his prescription into his pocket and quickly left the doctor's office. He knew his mother was watching for him, and his mind saw her standing at the sitting-room window, long before the blurred eyes behind the dark glasses caught sight of the house. He felt that he would have liked to be alone just then, but he knew the little mother was anxious.

For weeks she had been asking him to go to a certain famous specialist in the city, but John had kept putting it off.

'It will be the same story, mother,' he would say, laughing. 'A pair of new glasses and some new kind of drops. Just let me initiate these new spectacles into the mysteries of Latin.' Then he would pore over his books, oblivious to all around him. And Mrs. Stanley would shake her head and sigh, feeling at the same time immensely proud of her boy, who stood at the head of his large class in the High School.

So time went on and John's scholarship improved, but his poor eyes became weaker and weaker, and it was not until blinding headaches made it physically impossible for the boy to read longer, that he would lay down his books. Then it was that he went to the famous physician, and he sighed despondently when the verdict was given.

'Moderation, my boy!' the doctor had said. 'If you had been practicing that all along, you could still go on with your work. As it is now, you must have entire rest for some months—a year probably. Do not even indulge in one hour's reading, else I cannot answer for the consequences.' And John knew the doctor meant what he said.

The black glasses he had to wear in the sunlight seemed singularly appropriate to him.

'I might just as well be blind as not able to go to school,' he said bitterly.

But his mother shook her head. 'It has all been given for good, my boy. There is always a reason for everything. It is hard to give up school, I know, but we must only wait in patience.'

So John waited, but not in patience. He chafed daily under the yoke he had to bear, until he came to regard his affliction as harder to bear than any other in the world. And because he thought so entirely of himself and nursed his sorrow, the usually happy John became morbid and ill-natured.

Then very suddenly, one day, a ray of sunshine glanced through the black glasses, and it was such a warm ray that it comforted John through the weary months afterwards. And this is how it happened.

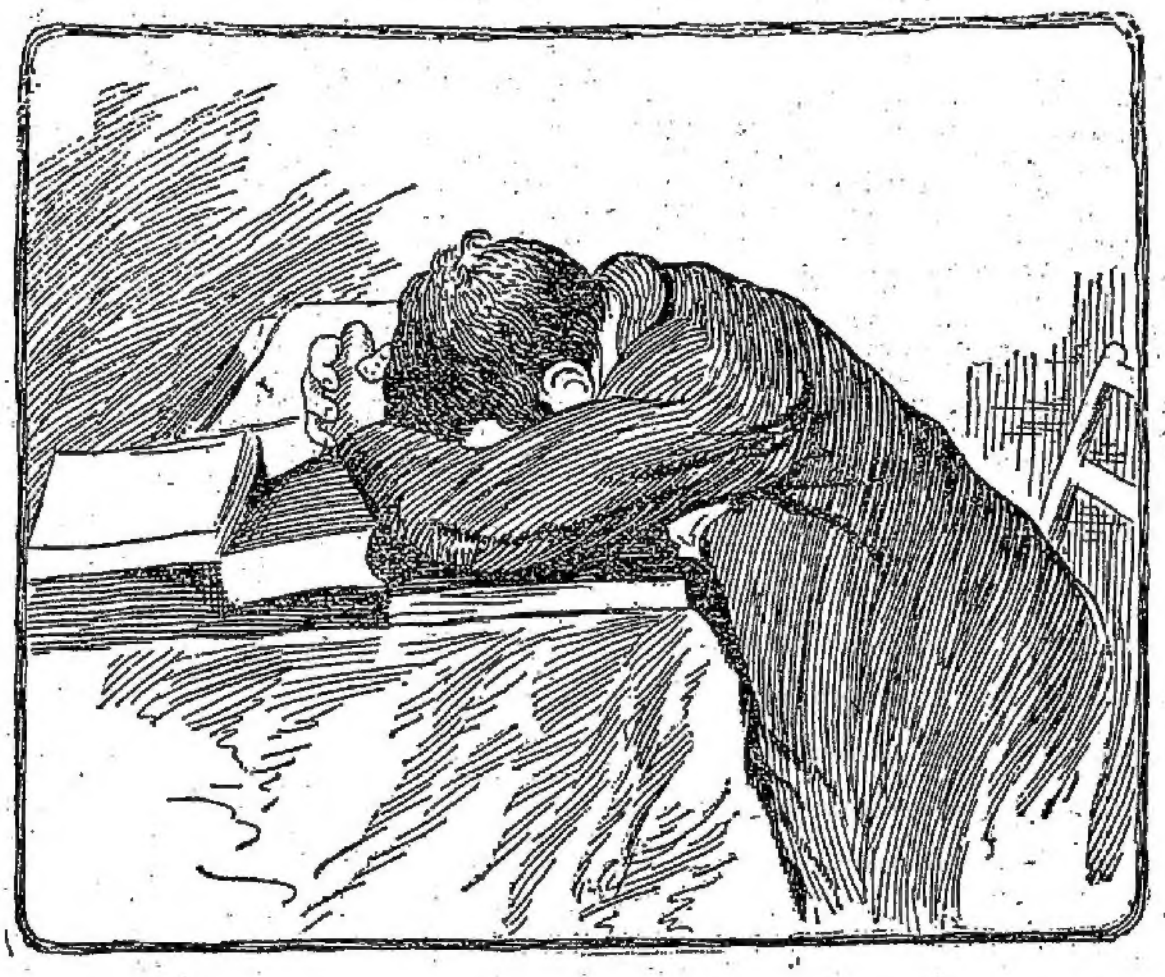
'John,' called his mother, 'I wish you would go down to Phillips' and have the boys call round for those two kitchen chairs. The cane seats are all broken, and I want new ones.'

John looked up slowly. His mind was solving a problem in algebra, and it took long for it to come back to kitchen chairs.

'Yes, mother,' he answered, 'It's the last house on Ferry-street, you say?'

So on went the dark glasses, and John started. He found the house easily, for a clumsily-written sign hung over the gate: 'Chairs Recaned with Neatness.'

In answer to John's knock, the door was opened by a small boy, whose eager blue eyes looked at the new-comer curiously.



BLINDING HEADACHES MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR JOHN TO READ ANY LONGER.

'Good-morning. Are you one of the Phillips' boys?'

'Yes, sir,' answered the little fellow. Then, as John stepped within, he said: 'That's the head of the business,' and pointed with evident pride to a pale, slender young fellow seated in an arm-chair.

His face lost its sharp look when he smiled, as he did when John entered, and he pointed to a chair in such an easy, friendly way that his visitor could not refuse to be seated. John delivered his message and then put on his glasses as though to go.

'Sun hurt your eyes?' inquired the 'head of the business,' as he went on with his repairing.

John laughed. 'Everything hurts them,' he said.

Then, seeing he had a listener, he told the whole story with a certain feeling of relief. And he concluded by saying: 'I'm practically no good, you see.'

'No, I don't see,' said Tom, for that was the chair-mender's name. 'I don't see that you are any worse off than many other fellows. There's myself, for instance, though I haven't very much to complain of. But I haven't walked a step for three years, and won't for as many more to come. But, as I said, it's not so bad for me, because I have my work.'

'Has this always been your work?'

Tom laughed. 'Dear me, no!' he said. 'I was learning a trade. Never thought of mending chairs at that time. Then I had my accident. Fell on my spine, you know, and had to give up everything. So I took to the first work that came to hand. Anything was better than thinking of my troubles.'

'But were you not wretched and unhappy?' asked John.

Tom laid down his tacks and hammer and looked thoughtfully at his visitor.

'No,' he said, slowly, 'and that's the strange part of it, too. At first—for a few weeks, you know—I kind o' felt I had just as soon die. Then one morning I woke up and the sun was shining through my windows, so glad like, that it made me smile. Then things seemed to come round for me to do. There was Billy, here,' pointing smilingly at the small laddie who had opened the door, 'and he was always wanting kites made. And what with that, and one thing or another, the days passed. But I think what made me accustomed like, more than anything else, was Peter Murray.'

'Yes?' said John, leaning eagerly forward in his chair, 'and who is he?'

'Oh, he's the blacksmith down yonder. Well, as I was saying, 'twas him, you know, that made me willing after all. He came in that evening—I remember it was just sundown—and when the door opened he stood right in the middle o' that big patch o' light. And he up and says, in that big, cheery voice o' his:

'"So you're going to change your trade, Tom?"'

'I only smiled at him, and he went on:

'"There's sure to be a new trade waiting, Tom, and a new fight to be fought. And now it isn't other people you are to quarrel with, but just yourself. And that's a deal harder, to my mind. But once you have fought it out, Tom, a man is worth something.'

'I thought of all he said, and felt that the years of waiting should not be lost.'

'Three years!' thought John, as he walked toward home. 'And three have already passed, yet Tom works hard, and does not despair, while I cry out because I have a twelvemonth! Surely he is the more manly!'

Even the dark glasses could not keep the sun from shining behind them that day. So many rays stole through them, indeed, that John's whole face was radiant. And they went ahead of him, too, pointing out innumerable bits of work to be done at home. There were his mother's rosebushes languidly waiting to be trailed on the wall; there were many pretty flowers being choked by weeds; and here——

But the daylight had faded, 'And it is not half done,' sighed John, regretfully.

He always said afterwards that those twelve months of waiting were the most peaceful and happy ones of his life. And I think they were also the most blessed. Not because they taught the boy patience and good nature, but because they made him truly unselfish.

And when those twelve months of waiting had passed away, John returned with renewed energy to his work. But the lessons in forbearance were never forgotten, for truly 'the hand which hath long time held a violet doth not soon forego its fragrance.'

An Ark Of Safety.

THE BELL OF ST. JOHN'S: A STORY OF THE FLOODS.

(New York 'Observer.')

For many days the rain had fallen in ceaseless, heavy torrents, and from every direction came now the brooks and streams rushing with unwonted swiftness, and sending up a deep, hoarse murmur, which was but as a musical echo to the voice of the mighty, swollen rivers.

In the little town of Chesterbrook there was every cause for the anxiety and alarm increasing hourly; already was the giant Mississippi, near which the village lay, at its greatest height known at that point, and stealthily encroaching nearer and nearer upon the main street, while the inhabitants dwelling farther back were thankful for the natural rise in the land placing them in a safer position.

'Is not the river very, very high, grandfather?' asked Ruth Boynton, a timid accent faltering in her tone.

She was a young girl of fifteen years, busied at the time with preparations for the evening meal, but pausing now as she spoke to look toward her grandfather as he sat beside the window in his large chair, looking anxiously without.

Ruth came nearer to him, laying her hand on his shoulder.

'Does it not look very, very high?' she repeated, 'and there seem to be so many timbers floating on the waves.'

'It is, indeed, higher than I have ever seen it in my eighty years, Ruth,' answered the old man in the voice grown feeble with age.

'Do you think the town is in danger, grandfather?' asked the young girl, a slight pallor creeping over her face as she spoke.

'Not to-night, child, not to-night,' he answered, 'and to-morrow may bring brighter skies; aye, to-morrow, who knows,' he murmured softly to himself, as Ruth turned away to her work again, and the old man folded his hands and closed his eyes in silent prayer to the God who rules the storm and clouds.

Midnight had already passed in the thick darkness enshrouding the silent town, and even the most watchful and anxious were at last sleeping heavily, when suddenly—with a confused thunder of sound rising in crashing din above the voice of storm or river, and seeming to rend heaven and earth asunder, the village nestling so peacefully under the shadow of the hills was roused to death and destruction.

Restrained no longer by any former bounds, the relentless stream had broken every barrier, and now amid the despairing cries of fated human beings was wildly sweeping away every tenement or building in its widening pathway.

With the first wild alarm, Ruth Boynton had started terrified and bewildered from her bed, and rushed into the adjoining room to find her grandfather also up, groping with the nervous tremor of age, blindly for a light. In that moment it seemed as though the old man, who had beeen strong for his eighty wears, was transformed into a weak and timid child.

'What is it, Ruthie?' he cried, with an imploring, piteous glance at the girl entering with a candle in her hand. 'What can it be, and what, O what shall we do!'

'It is the river, grandfather,' she answered, hurrying to the door; 'the town is flooded, and everything is being swept away!'

'My God, my God!. cried the old man, trembling in every limb; 'who will save us, and what can I do!'

Whether it was the sense of appalling danger at their very door, or tender pity even in this terrible moment for her helpless companion, the young girl seemed suddenly imbued with a new heroic strength, tingling in every nerve; and with a voice almost steady, she said calmly:

'God is still with us, grandfather, and will surely make some way of escape; try to be strong and trust to his help.'

But even as she spoke another fearful crash, accompanied by piteous shrieks, told of a nearer catastrophe, and Ruth impulsively laid a trembling hand on the old man's arm.

'Come, grandfather,' said she, 'let us hasten to the nearest house; they may be there making some plan of safety and will help us;' and waiting only to exchange the flickering candle for a lantern, the two helpless ones hurried out into the darkness of the night.

But little were they prepared for the scene of desolation around them; only in the distance glimmered moving lights, and with the slow progress alone possible in the feeble condition of her companion, Ruth felt that they could never reach the far-off help. Only a small strip of land seemed left to them, the river behind and to the right of them, while on the left rose the high steep bank, up which her active feet might have climbed, but never the old man by her side; and not once did the thought of escape apart from him enter the brave girl's mind.

With a heart beating wildly with fear, Ruth raised her eyes to the cloud-covered sky, half breathing a prayer for aid, while the trembling one beside her uttered a helpless groan. Suddenly a ray of hope quickened her senses. A little higher up on the left, somewhat elevated above the path before them, stood the old church untouched as yet by the water, looking in silent pity upon the scene of destruction surrounding it. It was possible that safety might be found there; even though the waves should reach it, might not the strong foundation on which it had stood so long prove invincible

'The church, grandfather! the church!' cried Ruth, in tones of hope and encouragement. 'Surely we will be safe there;' and the next moment they were hurrying over the short space intervening, and finding but a feeble resistance in the old lock, they soon stood within the silent church.

Was it that the soothing spirit of prayer still hovered like incense about the place, or was it the thought of the ever-abiding presence of God in this his house, that seemed to impart a sudden calm to the weary old man? Silently he sank within one of the old-fashioned pews; and here, ah, yes, here, he could die peacefully if such were God's will.

The lantern gave but a feeble light in the great room; but thankful for even this mitigation of the darkness, Ruth placed it near, and with loving, tender care knelt beside her grandfather, still bent in cheering and encouraging him.

'I think we are surely safe here, grandpapa,' she said, nestling close to him in her old childlike way, feeling now, having done all that she could, a sudden longing for comfort and support.

'I trust so, my child,' answered the old man, in a tone so strong and calm that it surprised as much as it comforted the young girl. 'God has surely guided and sustained you in this hour of danger, and we are now in his hands; he will save or take us to himself as he sees best.'

A deep silence fell upon them then, a trembling, prayerful silence on Ruth's part, for nearer and nearer came the sound of the rushing water, while a great sense of desolation crept over her.

Suddenly a cold dampness seemed to pervade the room, and the next moment a perceptible tremor passed over the building, causing the young girl to spring to her feet and clasp her arms about her grandfather, trembling violently.

Quickly and firmly he drew her closer to him, pressing her tenderly to his breast.

'Be brave, my child,' he said in a voice subdued, but calm; 'the hour of danger has come, but God is with us still.'

Again and again came that quiver through the old building, while around it could be distinctly heard the splash of waves; then came one convulsive throe, that seemed violently wrenching timber from timber, and with a rocking, reeling motion the old church, with its living inmates, was washed from its foundations, and floated down away on the bosom of the angry stream.

Almost unconscious from fright, Ruth lay on her grandfather's breast; but as the movement became more regular and steady, she raised her pale face and whispered:

'Grandpapa, are we really floating?'

'Yes, my child, like the ark of old,' answered her grandfather. 'We are adrift, and God only knows how long we may float, or what the end will be. Let us not murmur at his will; we will perhaps find many friends who have gone to-night into the other world.'

The girl hid her face again for a moment, but suddenly a faint, as it were, far-off sound broke the stillness—the sound of a bell, feebly, slowly tolling.

Ruth started up. 'Oh, listen, grandfather!' she cried, 'it is the bell, the church-bell, tolling with the motion of the waves!'

The old man started listening intently also, and a tear moistened his eye, trickling slowly down his furrowed cheek. 'Aye, child, it is the old bell of St. John's, that has rung out many a chime. It is tolling now its long last message—tolling its own knell, and the knell of the many that to-night have passed away.'

But to Ruth the familiar sound, solemn and sad as it was, seemed to bear a message of life and hope; and, with her young face all aglow, she started once again to her feet, exclaiming:

'Grandfather, I know what I will do! I will climb the belfry stair, and hang the lantern from its high window, and I will send out such a peal from the good old bell that help, I am sure, must come.'

Timid for her safety, where he was brave for his own, the old man anxiously tried to dissuade her from an effort so perilous at this hour of darkness; but, scarce waiting for permission, Ruth had already darted away with the lantern, leaving her grandfather in the solemn darkness, where he could only wait and pray, while she was cautiously but swiftly climbling the belfry stair.

On through the gloom and silence the old church floated, when suddenly through the darkness a bright light sparkled like a beacon star from a light-house tower, and, above the din of the rushing waters, a ringing peal came forth, awakening the startled echoes slumbering on the river bank.

'Clang! Clang! Clang!' The sound seemed almost to dance along the waves, while the brave girl aloft clung to her frail support, and the old man prayed below.

The river had now found a deeper, narrower channel, with high dry cliffs once more on either side, and as that strange sound rang out amid the storm and gloom, a group of men with skiffs moored high peered up the rushing stream with wonder ing, awe-struck faces.

'Egad!' cried one, 'it sounds like the old bell of St. John's! Can it be the timbers of little Chesterbrook that have been floating by to-night? On came the pealing sound and now the starlike light shone out upon them. 'As I live!' cried the same speaker, 'it is the old church afloat, and that bell could never ring like that from the motion of the waves; there are living souls within calling for help! To the rescue, men; out with the ropes and skiffs!'

Five minutes more, and strong, brave hands were out in the stream, all unknown to the two anxious ones within; heavy ropes were being securely fastened to the old building, and, with the bell still tolling, the old church was rapidly towed toward a haven-like break in the cliffs. And suddenly, with a startling shock, it stood still; and with a frightened, beating heart, Ruth gazed anxiously from the little window. Could it be possible! Was that really the bank on which they were safely moored? And the lights and moving figures—had God really sent help so soon?

Hastily, swiftly, she descended the rickety stairs, crying joyfully, 'We are saved, grandfather! thank God we are saved!'

A sudden light in the doorway, and the next moment kindly voices were breaking the silence. Lanterns held high soon revealed the two lonely figures, and guided by kindly, helpful hands, Ruth and the old man soon found themselves by the hospitable firesides of a little hamlet a short distance back from the dangerous river. And here they made new friends and a new home, as did also more than one of the few who were picked up and rescued from the ruins of Chesterbrook.

The Boy Musician.

Eight years ago a famous musician, Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, was taken to his rest. As a child he was remarkable for his great love of music. What others learn with great trouble he seemed to know by instinct. As he grew older, his relatives were astonished at his quickness. When two years of age, he could sing correctly any tune which he had heard a few times. When he had learnt the names of the keys he could always tell by the sound, without looking at the instrument, which keys had been struck. Many attempts were made to puzzle him, sometimes by striking several at once, but he always correctly named them all.

FREDERICK OUSELEY AT EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

He could play the pianoforte almost before he could talk. His earliest composition was taken down by his sister when he was under four years of age. At four years old he played the piano for the servants to dance to.

Happily, he had the blessing of a good mother, who brought up her son to fear and love God. Lady Ouseley lived much on the Continent, where it is too much the custom to treat the Lord's Day in an irreverent manner; but, in spite of this, little Frederick was taught by her example to keep the holy day properly. It was probably his mother's example that planted in him that devotion to duty and intense love and reverence for the service of God which marked his after-life.

Sacred music in particular had a great attraction for him, and he carried it in his memory in a surprising manner. When he was only six years old, one of his aunts found him playing Handel's 'Hallelujah Chorus' upon the piano.

'Why, what do you call that?' she asked.

'I'm sure I don't know,' was his reply. 'It's something the man played to-day on the organ as we came out of church.'

Shortly after this little Frederick had a fever, and was very ill for some weeks. When he got well, he wrote a little piece of music to describe how he felt during the progress of his illness. It was divided into seven parts, which he headed as follows—'Beginning to be ill. Now I'm very ill. Iller than ever. Blisters! A little better. Not quite well yet. Now I'm quite well!'

Sir Gore Ouseley, Frederick's father, had been the English ambassador at the Court of Persia, and therefore knew many great men. One of Frederick's godfathers was His Royal Highness Frederick, Duke of York and Albany, brother of King George the Fourth, who would afterwards have been king himself had he lived. The other was Arthur, the great Duke of Wellington. The little boy was named Frederick Arthur after these important persons.

The Duke of Wellington thought it his duty to come and see his godson once a year; and the sight of the 'Iron Duke,' as he was called, the greatest military commander of his own and perhaps of any age, talking to the gentle musical boy, must have been deeply interesting. But the Duke, though very kind in his manner, never seemed to know quite what to say, and they were probably both glad when the meeting was over.

What delighted the boy was to see and talk to the great musical men and women of the day. Many of them came on purpose to hear him play and sing. King William IV. (younger brother of Frederick's godfather) and Queen Adelaide came; the Duchess of Hamilton, a most accomplished musician, was delighted with him; the great composer Mendelssohn played a duet with him when Frederick was only six years old; and at some time or other he is said to have played duets with Queen Victoria herself at Buckingham Palace.

As Frederick grew older, he felt that his gift of music was a talent committed to his charge by God, to be used in his service. He became a clergyman, and founded a college to train up boys to take a delight in the musical part of divine worship. In this college hangs a picture which shows him playing on a piano when about seven or eight years old.

Sir Frederick composed much music, which is in use now in many places of worship. An interesting story is told of one of his choirboys, who, as he grew up, fell in with bad companions, got into trouble, and enlisted as a soldier. His regiment was ordered to South

Africa, and on entering the cathedral at Cape Town, the first thing he heard was a march from Ouseley's oratorio, 'St. Polycarp,' played as a voluntary. How the familiar sounds must have brought back to his mind memories of his early friend!

His college boys all looked on Sir Frederick as a personal friend, and anyone in sickness or trouble, on appealing to him, might always be sure of a ready hand and a tender heart. His sudden death caused heartfelt grief among all who knew him.—'Child's Companion.'

Tiny's Alarm Clock.

Tiny looked up from her slate as her big brother Tom came in one day with an odd-shaped paper bundle in his hands. Tiny ran to meet him.

'O Tom, what is it?' she asked, curiously. 'Anything for me?'

'No,' said Tom. 'Such a wide-awake puss as you are doesn't need aids to early rising;' and he untied the strings and opened the package.

'Why, it's a clock!' said Tiny, disappointed. 'We've got three clocks now, Tom. What made you bring another?'

Tom began winding the little clock. 'You just listen,' he said.

'Whil-r-r! Rattle, rattle, rattle?

'Whir-r-r! Rattle, rattle, rattle! to strike!'

'It's an alarm clock,' exclaimed Tom, smiling at Tiny's wonder. 'We can set it so the alarm will strike at any time of night and wake us. You know I have to leave home before daylight sometimes'—for Tom was on the railway.

'How very, very funny!' said Tiny, with sparkling eyes. 'Goes off all itself, without anyone touching it! O how I wish I had one!'

'There's another funny thing about it,' went on Tom. 'If people don't mind the alarm when it strikes but think they will sleep a little longer, they grow less and less liable to be waked by it, and soon it does not make any impression at all!

Tiny considered. 'I wish I could have one all my own,' she said again. 'It must be such fun to hear it go off.'

'You have one,' said Tom, gravely.

'I? An alarm clock?'

Tom nodded.

'Where?'

'Right in there,' said Tom, with his hand over Tiny's heart.

'Well, I don't believe it ever went off,' laughed Tiny.

'Yes, I'm sure it has. Wait till you feel like doing something wrong. That little clock will say, "Whirr! Tiny, don't!" You see if it doesn't.'

Tiny laughed and went back to her lessons. Soon a call came from the kitchen: 'Tiny, dear, I want you.'

Tiny's mouth began to pout, but she suddenly called out cheerily, 'Yes, mamma,' and danced out of the room, looking back to say, 'It went off then, Tom, good and loud.'

Tom nodded and smiled. 'I thought it would,' he said.

And all you little folks with alarm clocks want to be sure to answer the first call, or they will ring and ring in vain, and turn you out good-for-nothing men and women.—'Great Thoughts.'

Faith.

The apostles were always talking about faith, because Jesus had always said so much about it. Now, you cannot see faith, any more than you can see the air that stirs the leaves in summer. How, then, do you know there is any air? Why, by the way the leaves stir! Look at leaves or straws or any other thing and you can very soon tell 'which way the wind blows.'

That is just the way with faith. When people came around to James saying that they had faith, he looked to see where the faith was. They say whenever anybody used to praise a man to Napoleon, he would turn sharply and ask, 'What has he done?' James asked that about faith. What has it done? What good works can it show for itself? What good is it, he asks, to say you have faith if your faith never did anything for you?

Even love has to show itself by works usually. Of course words and looks go for something, but then they are a kind of sweet love-blossom in themselves. They have their time, and then the fruit begins to grow and ripen! An apple tree that never bears any fruit isn't a real apple tree. It is only a kind of wood, no better than any other kind as far as apples go. Suppose you had a garden and you called it a flower garden, but nobody ever saw any flowers in it. Wouldn't people be likely to say it wasn't a flower garden? 'Oh,' you say, 'it is a garden, for I planted the roots myself,' or 'I dropped the seeds in!' 'They are all dead then!' would be the answer. 'If they weren't, you would see some flowers growing!' So with faith.

'And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward. Matt. x., 42.—'Little Pilgrim.'

When Sophie Was Well.

(By Daisy R. Campbell.)

Sophie had been sick for four weeks, but she was well again, and was back in her place in 'Miss Jennie's' kindergarten. Sophie was very happy. It seemed so nice to sing the pretty songs with the rest, and to play the games, and to cut out the pretty paper things. And then there was something new the children had learned while she was sick. This was making all kinds of things out of clay. Sophie was delighted to find that she could shape the soft clay and make 'pretty things.' She knew what a square and a cube and a circle were, and now she put them into clay instead of paper.

Bob Lee gave her arm a jerk and pushed her so she couldn't work.

Sophie felt very angry. Then she remembered how 'Miss Jennie' wanted them all to help each other when they 'forgot and were naughty.'

She made herself turn and look at teasing Bob.

'I don't know as much as you, Bob, 'cause I've been sick; so I know you'll make it easy for me to work,' she said brightly.

And Bob turned a little red, 'Pshaw!' he said, 'I forgot that. Take some of my clay, Sophie.'

Don't you think that was better than pushing Bob, or 'telling 'Miss Jennie'?—'Mayflower.'

May Days.

When March has gone with his cruel wind,
That frightens back the swallow,
And the pleasant April sun has shined
Out through her showery clouds, we find
Pale blooms in the wood and the hollow.

But after the darling May awakes,
Bedecked with flowers like a fairy;
About the meadows, the streams, and lakes,
She drops them every step she takes,
For she has too many to carry.
—Phoebe Cary.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 21.

Christ Before the High Priest

John xviii., 15-27. —Memory verses 23-25.

Golden Text.

'He came unto his own, and his own received him not.'—John i., 11.

Home Readings.

M. John xviii., 15-27. — Christ before the high priest.
T. Luke xxii., 54-62.—Peter's tears.
W. Luke xxii., 63-71.—Before the council.
Th. John viii., 42-47.—A challenge.
F. I. Peter ii., 17-25.—The sinless Saviour.
S. Matt. xxvi., 31-35.—Warning to Peter.
S. Psalm cxli. — Prayer against temptation.

Lesson Story.

When our Saviour was taken captive to the high priest's palace, John, the beloved apostle, followed and went in with him, but Peter followed afar off.

Peter found himself shut out from the scene; but John went back to open the door and bring him in. The maid who kept the door asked Peter if he also was a disciple of this man who was waiting his trial before the Jewish court. Peter hastily denied having any connection with his Saviour, and went and stood by the fire with the officers and servants.

The high priest then questioned our Lord about his disciples and about his teaching. He did this simply to gain time while he was sending for the members of the Sanhedrim, that they might try and condemn Jesus. But Jesus answered that all his teachings had been in public, in the synagogue and in the temple. The Jews knew what he had taught there, and he had said nothing different in his private teaching to his disciples.

When our Saviour had thus righteously refused to be questioned, an officer standing by struck him with a rod (marginal reading) or with his hand, a cruel blow, saying, 'Answerest thou the high priest so?' Jesus rebuked this wanton cruelty, saying, 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?'

Peter, who had already denied his Lord once and had gone into the company of his enemies, was now tempted again. The second time he was asked if he was one of Jesus' disciples, and the second time he flatly denied. One of the servants of the high priest, a kinsman of Malchus whose ear Peter had cut off, asked suspiciously, 'Did I not see thee in the garden with him?' Peter in terror denied again and immediately the cock crew, and poor Peter remembered the warning his Master had given him (John xiii., 38), and filled with repentance and sorrow, went out into the night and wept bitterly.

Lesson Hymn.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.
—J. Grigg.

Suggestions.

Jesus endured two trials:—

1. The first before the Jewish authorities, who, having decided to destroy Jesus, must formulate some charge against him, the punishment of which was death.

2. The second before the Roman authorities, who alone could inflict the death penalty. The Jews hoped that it would be a mere formality, the Romans accepting as sufficient the decision of the Jewish court.

The first of these is the subject of to-day's lesson. This trial, as in the trial before Pilate, consisted of three separate stages or acts:—

1. The preliminary examination before the high priests (regarded by many as the trial recorded by John).

2. The informal trial before Caiaphas and members of the Sanhedrim (regarded by many as that recorded in Matthew and Mark).

3. The formal condemnation at a regular meeting of the Sanhedrim (regarded by many as the trial recorded by Luke).

In connection with these were the denials by Peter, and the mockery of Jesus.' — 'Peloubet.'

The trial at night was contrary to the Jewish law, the Talmud decrees that no trial may begin or end except in the daytime, and that if the prisoner is guilty he must not be condemned until the day after the trial, neither was a trial legal which took place on the eve of a feast. But 'he was numbered with the transgressors,' though nothing could be witnessed against him, his trial was illegal and his condemnation an awful crime on the part of his judges.

The high priest asked Jesus if he were indeed the Christ, the Son of God, and Jesus answered 'I am,' thus calling himself by the name of Jehovah (Ex. iii., 14), and bringing upon himself the charge of blasphemy. But in calm and royal dignity our Lord announced to them that he, the Son of man, should come in the clouds with a great retinue of all God's holy angels, and sitting on the right hand of God, with all his power should judge those who were now condemning him (Mark xiv., 62).

Peter, when beside Jesus, was ready to fight a whole band of soldiers for his sake; when away from Jesus he was afraid of even a slave girl's questions. Telling one lie opens the way to telling many more to hide it. Lies never go singly. Peter got into bad company (Psa. i., 1) and denied his Saviour three times, but one look from those loving eyes brought him to repentance and tears (Luke xxii., 61).

When Jesus was risen from the dead he remembered Peter, and in his infinite love and forgiveness sent a special message to him bidding him come with the other disciples (Mark xvi., 7). As Peter had three times denied his Saviour, Jesus three times asked if he loved him (John xxi., 15-17), and three times gave him the commission to feed the sheep and lambs for whom the Lamb of God had given his life.

Peter was weak and cowardly before Pentecost, but after he had received the Holy Spirit he was filled with the courage and power of God. (Acts ii., 14; iv., 8-13).

Practical Points.

John's attempt to help Peter to follow his Master was praiseworthy. What are we doing to encourage our fellow-pilgrims? Verses 15, 16.

So timerous had the once-bold Peter become that a maid caused him to deny Christ. Verse 17.

The high priest was not a follower of Jesus, and had not listened to his teaching. Verses 19-21.

They who ill-treated Jesus little knew the greatness of their sin and the insanity of their conduct. Verses 22-24.

Peter was warming himself at the fire, but his spirit also needed warming up, for his love of Christ had grown cold. Verses 18, 25.

The prophecy of Peter's three-fold denial was not remembered by the apostle until the cock crew. The sight of a flower or the singing of a hymn will sometimes waken memories that otherwise might have lain buried forever. Verses 26, 27: Matt. xxvi., 75.

C. E Topic.

May 21.—The gift of power.—Acts i., 1-8.

Junior C. E.

May 21.—What did Christ teach by his feeding of the five thousand?—John vi., 5-14.

The Catechism on Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Publication House.)

LESSON XIV.—WASTEFULNESS OF BEER.

'Wasted grain makes dear bread.'

Why is beer-making wasteful?

Because the grain is food when it is made into bread, and it is not food when made into beer.

What has the beer-drinker to show for it?

Money gone, strength gone, time wasted, and a desire for more drink.

If a man drinks only three glasses of beer a day, at five cents each, how much food would that give him.

Enough to nourish him much better than some poor people get nourished.

Many a beer-drinker might say with every glass, 'Here goes a loaf of bread!' or, 'Here goes a pound of oatmeal!' or 'Here goes a quart of milk!' and even then he wants more beer; while the bread, milk and oatmeal would have satisfied his hunger and enabled him to earn a good day's wages.

Problems.—How much would fifteen cents a day amount to in a week? how much in a year? What could be bought with that money? How much would five glasses a day amount to in a month? in a year? What could be bought with these sums?

At the cost of one glass of beer a day, how long would it take a boy to buy a dollar book?

How could he get time to read it?

He could save the time he would spend in beer-drinking and with beer-drinking companions.

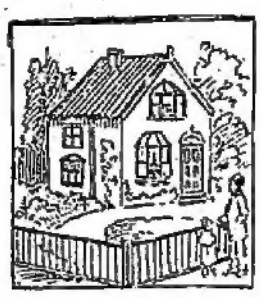
What notable case can you give of a boy that did so?

The statesman Benjamin Franklin, who was also the first great American philosopher.

Would one's choice between such things make any difference in his life?

It would, for such practices always make a difference in everybody's life.

You might not become a Franklin, but you would be better off without the beer than with it. A poor old man in a workhouse was complaining that a man at his age did not have a home of his own, when a visitor, with a pencil and paper, showed him that if he had saved his beer-money he might have had a good home.



'This is what I have left, a house of my own and no rent to pay.'

'All I have left, and they belong to the brewer.'

How much grain is wasted every year in the United States in beer-making

About sixty-five millions of bushels, and this amount is constantly increasing.

Upon whom does this loss fall?

Upon all of us, for it makes other grain dearer.

What do the beer-drinkers of this country pay for their beer annually?

About three hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars.

They pay this over to the brewers, and then very often come upon the public with their families for support. This raises the taxes, and so makes house-rent and all merchandise higher, so that in the end we all help to pay this great beer bill, even when we do not drink the beer.

Why should not the great business of brewing be encouraged like other industries?

Because all it produces is of no value.

A man might invest much money and employ many people in making paper windmills, but no one would consider it 'a great industry' and worthy of protection, especially if the windmills were all to be burned when they were finished, whether by the maker or by those who were silly enough to buy

them. If in burning these, other property were consumed, then there would be great complaint at the outcome of this great industry. But the beer-making industry is much worse, since it results in the destruction not only of property, but character, health and even life itself.

Give an example of the outcome of this 'great industry.'

In Bavaria, where they pride themselves on their beer, they make 155 million gallons every year, and drink it nearly all themselves. They do very little else, for the value of their beer is four times as much as all their exports.

What place in the United States makes no beer?

Maine has no brewery, and the sale of beer is forbidden and largely prevented; and it has thrift, prosperity, intelligence and large exports.

What kind of industries should be encouraged?

Those that make 'the thing that is good.'

If drinkers would pay out their money for family supplies instead of drink there would be great demands for work in many trades that now languish. And when all the people were well clothed and fed and educated, they could make beautiful and elegant things—works of art—and there would be plenty of money to pay for them if it were not wasted in drink.

Wherever There's a Boy, There Should Never Be a Bottle.

A friend gave me lately the experience of a skilful professional man in about the following words:

'My early practice,' said the doctor, 'was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position. I married a lovely wife; two children were born to us, and my domestic happiness was complete. But I was invited often to social parties where wine was freely circulated, and I soon became a slave to its power. Before I was aware of it, I was a drunkard. My noble wife never forsook me, never taunted me with a bitter word, never ceased to pray for my reformation. We became wretchedly poor, so that my family were pinched for daily bread.

'One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church, and left me lying on a couch, sleeping off my previous night's debauch. I was aroused by hearing something fall heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes and saw my little boy of six years old tumbling upon the carpet. His elder brother said to him—"Now get up and fall again. That's the way papa does; let's play we are drunk!" I watched the child as he impersonated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to an actor. I arose and left the house, groaning in agony and remorse. I walked off miles into the country thinking over my abominable sin and the example I was setting before my children. I solemnly resolved that with God's help I would quit my cups, and I did. No lecture I ever heard from Mr. Gough moved my soul like the spectacle of my own sweet boys "playing drunk as papa does." I never pass a day without thanking my God for giving me a praying wife, and bestowing grace sufficient to conquer my detestable sin of the bottle. Madam! if you have a son, keep him, if you can, from ever touching a glass of wine.'

The narrator of the above touching story may never see it in these columns; but if he does, I know he will pardon its publication. It may be a timely warning to more than one father who is by no means a toper, and yet is putting a wine-glass right before his own children. It is the ready excuse of many a young lad for taking a glass of champagne—'We always have it at home.' The decanter at home kindles the appetite which soon seeks the drinking saloon. The thoughtless or reckless parent gives the fatal push which sends the boy to destruction.

Long labor in the temperance reform has convinced me that the most effectual place to promote it is at home. There is the spot to enact a 'prohibitory law.' Let it be written upon the wall of every house, 'Wherever there's a boy, there should never be a bottle.'—Theodore L. Cuyler.

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Dear Editor,—I live in a little place called Graham's Siding, ten miles from Truro. The school house is just a few miles from our house. We have Band of Hope every other Friday in it. I like it ever so much. I am president. The band is called Golden. We also have Christian Endeavor. We have taken the 'Messenger' a very long time, and my grandmother has taken it ever since it was started; it went by another name then. We keep the post-office and get the 'Messenger' on Saturdays.

HELEN B., (age 15.)

Richmond, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have a mill that grinds oats and buckwheat. And saws boards and shingles.

ROY I.

Perth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—There is a very pretty lake about four miles from here, and we go out three to spend our holidays. Two years ago one of the hardware merchants here offered two prizes to the largest black bass caught with their fishing tackle. The first was $3.50, the second $1.50. So two years ago my sister, eight years old, secured the first, and last year my two cousins from Toronto were down. We fished a great deal, and got lots of fish. One day we trolled to the foot of the lake, and Arthur caught a fine black bass; it took first prize. Then, one day, after they went away I caught a large one, which took the second prize.

THOMAS, (aged 11.)

Georgetown.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you about a very pleasant day I spent when in England. It was in the month of August, on Bank Holiday week, that I went with a large number of friends, attending a Band of Hope fete. There were some thousands of us who had been trained to sing at it. We started out from Benson, at six o'clock in the morning, and were taken to Sir Richard Harcourt's park, in Oxford, in carriages they call brakes. As we were driving through the grounds we saw a herd of tame deer, which belonged to the park. We walked through the grounds, and looked at the statues, the flowers, and the summer houses, which were placed at different places in the park. The castle was situated on a hill, and the lawns sloped down to the rowing river. After seeing all there was to see, and being quite tired out, we gave three cheers to Sir Richard Harcourt, for letting us have the use of his gounds and were driven home, after spending a very enjoyable day.

MERCY.

Reese, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I have cousins in Manitoba, and would like to hear from them through the 'Messenger.'

I have an aunt in Canada who sent me the 'Messenger' one year, and we liked it so well that we subscribed for it this year.

MAMIE A., (Aged 10.)

Maxwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Although not a child will you kindly allow me a small space in your columns.

The children who write to the 'Messenger' would probably like to know a way in which they can help others.

The Rev. John McGregor, of Brinley, Michigan, missionary to the lumbermen, says he has many Canadian families among his hearers, and they are glad to receive papers from their own country. So, if the childen here will mail their 'Messengers' and other papers to him, Mr. McGregor will be very glad to distribute them.

He also grows flowers to give to invalids, the old and poor people, and will be obliged to those who send him seeds for this purpose.

We are told, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.' 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'

LOO.

Some of you, who have text cards and children's papers to spare, may be glad to send them to this address.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I have a night school teacher named Miss Annie Peters. I think she is a very good teacher, and very kind to me, too. And she sends me the 'Northern Messengor,' every Sunday, and she said this is very nice for children. I think these stories very good, better than any other story-books, I am sure, and I like to read the correspondence. A Japanese boy,

KIU TANAKA.

[We are very pleased to hear from this Japanese boy.—Editor.]

HOUSEHOLD.

Preparation For the Nights.

(Sara H. Henton in 'Occident.')

Were you ever aroused in the middle of the night by some member of the family being ill? Of course you have, not many mothers have escaped it, and hence the necessity of having every needful remedy close at hand, but do you know some housekeepers never seem to learn from experience the bitterness of not having anything ready; how hard on the poor sufferer. A doctor may live miles away (if you live in the country he is very apt to). I have thought and written a good deal on this subject, because I have seen the sorrow of not being prepared, where we could get hold of nothing to relieve pain.

Every housekeeper should have a certain place for her medicines, and have them labelled carefully, and even then what sad mistakes occur often. One should keep mustard leaves, you can buy them already prepared, and it saves time when one is in a hurry. Next, witch hazel is excellent for most every ill, and one of the best gargles for ulcerated throat, or tonsilitis, is made of salt water and powdered borax, equal quantities. It is well to keep a bottle already prepared, and if a child awakens with that croupy hoarse cough so alarming, give it to him wonderfully quick, and if there is an ulcer in the throat and it can be reached, apply a piece of dry borax to it several times an hour, until it disappears. If you have never used this simple remedy, you will be astonished to see its power, and it is harmless, no danger if you get too much of it. It is also very cheap, and I would advise every mother and housekeeper to have it in her medicine chest.

Children's Food.

So many families use white bread exclusively and often baker's bread (both impoverished, as the bone making elements are taken from the wheat), when the little folks would thrive much better upon other and coarser breads, as graham, entire wheat, rye, corn and oatmeal and at less cost. A loaf of steamed brown bread is a capital change from cold bread, while another is milk toast, which may dispose of all odds and ends of bread, dark or light, and crackers; a quart of milk, tablespoonful of butter and one of flour is the only expense.

Potatoes and cabbage are the only vegetables used to any extent among the poor; while the former are healthful for little ones, the latter is not, but carrots, onions, and occasionally parsnips, are recommended highly, and at some seasons are very low priced. Carrots and onions are especially good for the digestive organs, making clear complexions.

When apples are cheap, nothing is more healthful than baked apples and milk, and children, as a rule, are very fond of this dish.

A woman once told me that 'fruit is only for the rich.' 'Well,' I answered, 'your boys can get plenty of blue and blackberries by going out a few miles into the country, and even if you cannot afford jars and sugar to can them for winter, you can spread them upon sheets of clean paper, and dry them in the good old Pilgrim style, and have an abundance of them for stewing; only a little sugar is needed for berries that have been dried, if they are soaked a long while.'

Dried apples are nutritious, and this year they sold at the stores for only seven cents per pound; a pound swells to many times its bulk.

Prunes are often sold as low as five cents per pound, while very good ones, with no waste, are now selling for eight cents.

Have you ever noticed that the mother who thinks she cannot afford to buy milk, uses tea or coffee at every meal, and often gives it to very young children? I had occasion to visit a little two-year-old last year who was quite ill with bowel and stomach trouble.

'What are you giving him?' I asked of the mother.

'Oh, he won't take anything, only his coffee,' she answered.

I must have looked the amazement I felt, for she added, hastily,

'Oh, that will not hurt him; he's used to coffee; has had it twice a day for months.'

Is it a wonder that women engaged in reform along these lines often grow disheartened? They have not only ignorance and lack of thrift to cope with, but extreme untidiness.

One discouraged worker has said, 'There should be a law that all women of all stations should be compelled to pass an examination in cooking and household management before they are married.'—Mrs. E. J. Wheeler in 'Christian at Work.'

Potatoes.

Those potatoes are the most digestible and nutritious which in boiling break down into a floury mass. This is due to the breaking up of the starch. Young potatoes that do not undergo this process of breaking are in the highest degree indigestible, and should not be eaten by those who are not good starch digesters. In the preparation of potatoes for the table the following points should be taken notice of: The albuminous matter surrounds the skin of the potato, and if the skin is removed one cannot help but remove this albuminous matter at the same time; it follows, therefore, potatoes should be boiled in their skins, which makes it possible to remove them without the albuminous layer underneath. Moreover, the skin acts as a membrane resisting the soaking out of the valuable salts. If potatoes are peeled they should not be allowed to soak in cold water or warm water before boiling, as this helps to dissolve out the soluble salts. Remember that the dissolving out of the salts is reduced to a minimum by baking or steaming the potatoes; both are preferable to boiling.—'Journal of Hygiene.'

Leftover Dishes.

(Emma Louise Hauck Rowe in 'Christian Work.')

Little scraps of meat, useless otherwise, can oftentimes be made very quickly and easily into very tasteful dishes for breakfast or luncheon.

For instance, small pieces of cold steak or chops, or ragged pieces of roast beef or lamb, unfit for use on the table as they are, can be cut into half-inch pieces, and made into a spicy, well seasoned stew, simply by the addition of boiling water, a generous supply of pepper and salt, and a thickening of flour and water mixed into a smooth paste, and allowed to boil in the stew for about ten or fifteen minutes to kill the taste of raw flour. Of course, a little gravy left over from dinner, or a spoonful or two of soup stock, would add to the flavor of the above, but still it is not indispensable.

Bits of cold lamb warmed up with stewed or sliced tomatoes make a very appetizing dish. Or served hot in tomato sauce made of a cup of strained tomato, one-half-cup boiling water, a thickening of flour and water salt and pepper to taste; the whole, including the pieces of lamb, to be boiled from ten to fifteen minutes.

Where the supply of meat is very limited raw potatoes pared and cut into dice, added with the meat, and cooked until done (about ten minutes or so), will double the dish and make an agreeable change.

Scraps of ham and other kinds of meat, either separately or together, may be made into sort of croquettes. Chop fine, mix with a little egg and flour, shape into flat balls, if I may use that expression, and fry in hot drippings or butter.

Scrambled eggs can be improved, or at least varied, by the addition of a little finely chopped ham, tongue, lamb, beef or chicken, or stale, hard cheese finelp grated into it. For each egg, beaten lightly, add one tablespoonful of finely chopped meat. Pour in hot buttered pan, and cook over a hot fire, stirring al lthe time until done.

All teachers of cookery will tell you that there is no reason why a single scrap of anything eatable should be wasted, and surely if this be true of all things in that line, meat, which is the most expensive article of food, should be doubly safe from being thrown away because it does not look or taste good cold.

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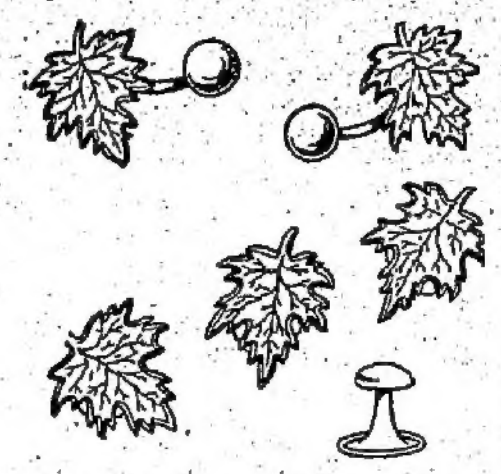

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'